

# JULIAN BESSET

## WAYSIDE SONGS

for contralto or baritone and piano

*SINGING VOLUMES : First Volume*

## 1 - A WISH

Poem by Samuel Rogers\*  
Without Haste

Contralto/  
Baritone

Mine be a cot be - side the hill;

A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;

Hea - ven. \_\_\_\_\_ brook that turns \_\_\_\_\_ a

\* Date of composition unknown. MS only dated 11.2. (eleventh february ?). Unfinished on four pages, the writing progressively shorthand. The work lacked continuity so I had to discard the 2 last pp. when retroprocessing the song (Dec97/Jan 98 after my first purchase of Finale).

# Wayside Songs

2

6 mill, \_\_\_\_\_ With ma - ny a fall

8 shall lin - ger near.

10 The swa - lloft, be - neath my thatch

13 Shall twi - tter from her clay - built nest; \_\_\_\_\_

halve tempo

15

15

*Pick Up*

Oft shall the pil - grim lift the latch,

17

17

Buoyant

Resume Tempo

And

19

19

share my meal, a wel - come guest.

21

21

A-round my i - vied porch shall spring Each

F sharp F natural

24

fra - grant flow - er                      that drinks in the

26

dew;                      And Lu - cy,                      at her wheel, shall sing

29

Murmuringly

ossia G $\flat$

8 $^{vb}$

32

In ru - ssetgown and a - pron blue.

35

35

39

The vi - llage church

39

43

a-mong the trees, precipitate hang

43

46

Where first our ma - rriage vows were

46

49

gi - ven. With me-rry peals shall swell the breeze

49

## This Her Smile

53 **Slow and with feeling** Lyrics by the composer\*

53

*mp*

57

*mf*

\*In memoriam Christie Morten of Lyle, who accompanied me with her smile so long in life. She was staying with her uncle in the summer of 1992 and later terminated her own life. "She was not of this world", nor was her smile.

61

65

65

68

71

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74 *rit.* **a tempo**

Al - most.

74 *lightly* **a tempo**

*rit.* *sf no Led.* *with Led.*

77

When Chris-tie stepped up-on the Stone, \_\_\_\_\_ the op-po-

77

81

site edged nea - rer. \_\_\_\_\_

81 *mf*

85

She smiled at me a - gain. This time

85 *l.h.*

89

it was clicked in.

89

92

a tempo

Why was her beam not?

92

*f* *rit.* *mp*

94

That Mo - ment was so Huge — My

94

*mf*

97

in - dex froze

97

*sf* *ff*

100

a split se-cond La - ter 'twas too late.

103

The mill gri - sted on

107

mean - while, mean-while,

Slow and ponderous

*sf* *ff*

112

*p* *r.h.* *ossia* *8vb*

116

116

The

119

119

ex - hi-bits were gazed u-pon. But all the while

123

123

The bur - den of the smile

126

126

3

130

130

9/16

12/8

7/8

133

133

7/8

3/4

3/4

Res

ted.

135

135

4/4

4/4

5/4

Tensely

137

137

4/4

4/4

5/4

5/4

Till it flow' red for e - ver on:

# Wayside Songs

13

140

E - ver since the mo - ment of \_\_\_\_\_ Chris - tie's Smile, —

143

*ossia*  
F $\sharp$

my — life was re - di-rec - ted

146

T'ward an in - ner mo - nu - ment e - rec -

148

ted.

Terminated June 1st '04

# I Am A Parcel\*

151 **Liltingly** ♩ = 100 Poem by Henry David Thoreau

I am a par - cel of — vain stri - vings tied

By a chance bond to - ge - ther, Dan - gling

this way and that, their links

\*Originally composed with different lyrics (The Seekers, by J. Masfield). One of my first idiosyncratic compositions. Date of composition unknown. c.196? Composed in continuation of Laugh & Be Merry by same poet. Dissonant chords originally meant to collide with "not for us are content...". The song came naturally, not by design.

163

Were made so loose and wide, Me - thinks, For mil - der wea - ther. A bunch

167

of vi - o - lets wi - thout their roots,

171

And so - rrel in - ter - mixed, En - cir - cled

175

by a wisp of straw



178

Once coiled a - bout their shoots, The law By

178

8<sup>vb</sup>

182

which I'm — fixed. A nose - gay which Time clutched from out

182

(8<sup>vb</sup>)

186

Those fair E - ly - sian fields,

186

*scherzo like*

189

With weeds and bro - ken stems, in haste,

189

3/4

193

Doth make the ra - bble rout That

197

waste The day he yields. And here I

201

bloom for a short hour un-seen, Drin - king my

205

jui - ces up, With no root in the land To keep my

209  
bran-ches green, But stand In a bare cup. Some ten-

209  
(8vb)

213  
- der buds were left u - pon my stem In mi - mi -

213  
8vb

216  
cry of life, But ah! the chil - dren will not

216  
(8vb)

219  
know, Till time has wi - thered them, The

219

222

woe With which they're rife.

225

But now I see I was not plucked for naught,

229

And af - ter in life's vase Of glass set

233

while I might sur - vive,

237

But by \_\_\_ a kind hand brought A-live To a strange place. That stock

241

thus thinned will soon re-deem its hours, \_\_\_

244

And by \_\_\_ a - no - ther

248

year, Such as God knows, God knows,

251

with fre - er air, More fruits and fai - rer

251

8vb

255

flow - ers Will bear, flow - ers fai - rer flow -

255

(8vb)

258

ers Will bear, While I droop

258

*scherzo like*

261

droop While I droop droop here.

261